

# The Mirror

OF

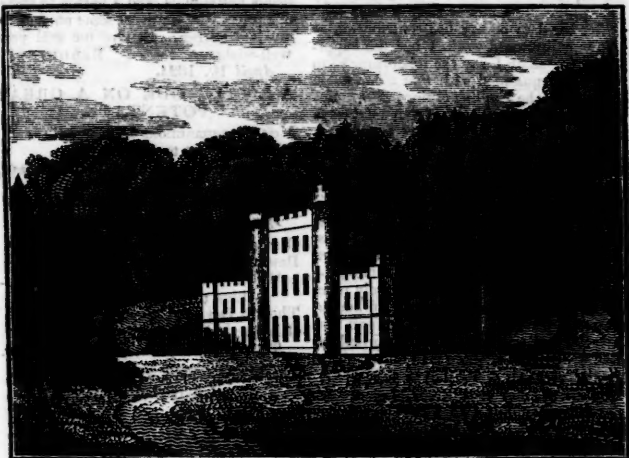
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. LXXIX.]

SATURDAY, APRIL 17, 1824.

[PRICE 2d.

## Melville Castle.



THE city of Edinburgh is not only one of the finest and most romantic towns in Europe, but the environs are particularly interesting, combining the advantages of a rich, natural scenery, venerable ruins, and modern buildings. Arthur's seat and Salisbury Crags, needed not the spell of Sir Walter Scott to render them celebrated, since the wildness of the prospect, the singularity of the basaltic pillars of the one, the broken rocks and precipices, which form a sort of amphitheatre of solid rock in the other, whose summit is 550 feet in height, render them sufficiently attractive. Then to cast an eye to busy Edinburgh, and contrast it with the lovely vale that separates those rocks, where a human being is seldom to be seen, or any creature but the sheep feeding on the mountain, and the hawks and ravens winging their flight among the rocks.

The country residences in the vicinity of Edinburgh are also numerous. There are Duddington House, the seat of the Marquis of Abercorn; Cragmillar Castle, which has stood for at least six centuries, and was once the residence of Mary, Queen of Scots; Dalkeith House, where the young Buccleugh entertained his present

Majesty in 1822; New Battle Abbey, the seat of the Marquis of Lothian; Dalhousie Castle, which, by being modernized, has lost its ancient grandeur and venerable appearance; Roslin Castle, once the residence of the Prince of Orkney; Melville Castle, and several others.

Melville Castle, of which the above is a correct view, stands on the northern bank of the North Esk, near the village and parish church of Laswade, at the distance of about five miles south-west from Edinburgh, and three miles west from Dalkeith.

The principal part of the building is of a square form, with circular towers at the angles, of elegant workmanship. Two wings, appropriately neat, but not so high, are attached to the main building. The Castle being situated rather low, does not command a very extensive prospect, nor can it be seen at any great distance. The grounds are very tastefully laid out.

Melville Castle is the seat of Robert, Viscount Melville, who is at present, and has been for some time, first Lord of the Admiralty. The title was conferred on his father, the celebrated Henry Dundas, in 1802.

## NUGÆ CANORÆ.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR.—My long silence has induced you, no doubt, to set me down among such of your correspondents as had descended to the "tomb of all the Capulets." But, if you will take the word of an honest man, I have not been dead but only sleeping. The fact is simply this: soon after the date of my last contribution to your enlightened work, I had the happiness (or shall I say the misfortune?) to become acquainted with that redoubtable character, the English Opium-eater. Being, in a certain respect, of congenial ways of thinking, our acquaintance assumed at once, *per saltum* as it were, the nature of friendship; and, so seduced was I by his manners, that I plunged at once into the full enjoyment of his fascinating habits; and, being, as you may imagine, a mere novice in the art of Opium-eating, I was speedily overcome. So, to make a short story of the matter, I fell into a delightful slumber, which lasted precisely nine months, seven days, and some odd hours. About three hours ago I awoke from my reverie, and was not a little surprised to find at my elbow, (for I had fallen asleep in the very act of writing to your High Mightiness) not only a complete set of the MIRROR, but also a regular file of newspapers, which my newsmen, with an affectionate regard for my entertainment and his own profit, had supplied during my nap. You will naturally conclude, that my first impulse was to devour your lucubrations. It was no such thing. My paramount feeling, at the moment, was to learn how our mundane affairs had gone on during my repose. I turned, accordingly, to the pages of the Morning Herald, which was the paper my provident newsmen had sent, and after having made a hasty meal on their contents, I was as able, as if I had been awake the whole time, to decide upon the merits of the several individuals, who had figured on our terrestrial stage during the interesting interval; and of these I found the two most distinguished were, to all intents and purposes, the Dey of Algiers, and the benevolent Member for Galway. This worthy pair of personages appeared to my "mind's eye," to be standing at the opposite ends of a long, imaginary chain, which might be called the chain of sympathy. At one extreme was his Highness of Algiers, treating, with the most wanton and unyielding severity all the Christians on whom he could lay his hands; and at the other appeared the celebrated champion of the brute creation

defending, with unheard of eloquence the rights of all the bears and apes of the metropolis. It was impossible for me not to be strongly affected by this contrast; so, notwithstanding the keenness of my appetite after a fast of so unusual a duration, I could not resist the temptation of chaunting the praises of these illustrious individuals, and I hasten to transmit to you the result, as some amends for my late silence. Believe me still your well-wisher,

BARDULUS.

April 10, 1824.

## A LITTLE ODE ON A GREAT POTENTATE.

Most magnanimous Dey,

Who delightest to sway,

Like Carthage of old in her high days,

And still to maintain,

On the land or the main,

Her renown for the *Punleo fides*;—

O monarch sublime,

Beware of the time,

When the thunder of Britain pro-  
king;

Though Dey of Algiers,\*

(I have my strong fears,)

Thou wilt find it no *Day of All-joking*.ON A CERTAIN HUMANE  
LEGISLATOR.

For dogs and hares,

And apes and bears,

Let M—t—n still make laws, Sir;

For sure I be,

That none but he,

So well can plead their cause, Sir.

Of all the House,

Or man or mouse,

Not one stands him before, Sir,

To personate

The British state,

For he's a mighty *bore*,† Sir.

\* Query—All jeers? PRINTER'S DEVIL.

† Query—Bore? Ibid.

## ANECDOTE OF PAUL SANDBY.

A SHORT time before the decease of the late Paul Sandby, Esq., Mr. Grignon, the engraver, who was then upwards of eighty years of age, had come from Kentish Town to visit his old friend; and as their venerable hands met, Mr. Grignon exclaimed, "My dear Paul, I am come to spend the day with you; for by the memorandum on this scrap of paper, it appears, that on this day sixty years back, you and I first met; and though, my dear friend, our hands may be colder now than then, I am sure our hearts are quite as warm."

## ON NEGROES AND THE SLAVE TRADE.

(For the Mirror.)

Bondage is winter, darkness, death, despair,  
Freedom the sun, the sea, the mountains, and  
the air!

MONTGOMERY.

WHATEVER (says an eminent writer) may be the general character and disposition of the negroes in their own country, they are influenced in a considerable degree, as we may naturally imagine, by their condition in a state of slavery, a circumstance that soon effaces the native, original impression, which distinguishes one nation from another in negroes new imported, and creates a similitude of manners, and an uniformity of character throughout the whole body. Although the natives of the Gold Coast are reported to be firm and courageous, yet it is certain that the negroes in general in our islands, (such of them at least as have been for any length of time in a state of servitude,) are of a distrustful and cowardly disposition. *So degrading is slavery, that fortitude of mind is lost as free agency is restrained.* To the same cause may probably be ascribed their propensity to conceal or violate the truth, which is so general, that the vice of falsehood is one of the most prominent features in their character. Their proneness to theft is also very prevalent. Cowardice and dissimulation have indeed been the properties of slavery in all ages. This unhappy condition necessarily suppresses many of the best affections of the heart.—If it calls forth any latent virtues, they are those of sympathy and compassion for persons in the same condition; and, accordingly, it is found, that the negroes in general are strongly attached to their countrymen, but above all, to such of their companions as came in the same ship with them from Africa. The negro, says Dr. Robertson, glows with all the warmth of desire natural to his climate. The tender passion, says another writer, is the most ardent one in the breast of the enslaved African;—it is the only source of his joys, and his only solace in affliction. The greatest affront that can be offered to a negro, is to curse his father and mother, or any of his progenitors. Their funeral songs are of the heroic or martial kind; and some of them exhibit a Pyrrhic, or warlike dance, in which their bodies are much contused by running, leaping, and jumping, and many violent and frantic gestures and contortions. In songs of the latter kind, it is thought by some, that the negroes consider death as a welcome release from the

R 2

calamities of their condition, and as a passport to the place of their nativity, by which they are restored to the society of their dearest, long-lost, and lamented relations in Africa. We see no reason to doubt that the negroes, taken altogether, are not inferior to any variety of the human race in natural goodness of heart. It is consonant to our experience of mankind in general, that the latter quality should be deadened, or completely extinguished in the slave-ship or plantation. Much has been done to stifle the virtues of this unfortunate race, yet instances are by no means rare, of negroes who have distinguished themselves in literature and arts, when favoured by fortune with opportunities of education and improvement. The capacity of the negroes for the mathematical and physical sciences is proved by Hannibal, a colonel in the Russian artillery, and Lilaet of the Isle of France, who was named a corresponding member of the French Academy of Sciences, on account of his meteorological observations. Fuller of Maryland was an extraordinary example of quickness of reckoning, being asked in a company, for the purpose of trying his powers, how many seconds a person had lived who was seventy years and some months old, he gave the answer in a minute and a half. On reckoning it up after him, a different result was obtained: have you not forgot the leap-years? says the negro.—This omission was supplied, and the number then agreed with his answer. Jac. Eliza Joh. Capitein, who was bought by a slave-dealer when eight years old, studied theology at Leyden, and published several sermons and poems: his "*Dissertatio de Servitute Libertati Christiana non contraria*," went through four editions very quickly. He was ordained in Amsterdam; and went to Elmina on the Gold Coast, where he was either murdered, or exchanged for the life and faith of his countrymen, those he had learned in Europe. In 1734, A. W. Amo, an African from the coast of Guinea, took the degree of doctor in philosophy at the university of Wittenberg. Friedig in Vienna, an African negro, was an excellent performer, both on the violin and violincello, he was also a capital draftsman, and had made a very successful painting of himself. Ignatius Sancho, who was born on board a slave-ship on its passage from Guinea to the West Indies, and Gustavus Vasa in the kingdom of Benin have distinguished themselves as literary characters in this country in modern times.

The bill for the abolition of the wicked traffic of the slave trade passed both

houses of parliament on the 24th of March, 1807, and on the 25th, at half-past eleven in the morning, it received the royal assent. Thus passed, (says an able writer) after a twenty years' hard struggle, during which the field had been disputed inch by inch, and won at last by the arms of reason, this *Magna Charta* for Africa, in Britain, under the administration of Lord Grenville and Mr. Fox, an administration which, on account of its noble exertions in behalf of the oppressed African race, will pass to posterity, living through successive generations, in the love and gratitude of all the most virtuous of mankind. Montgomery, in his poem, "The West Indies," has the following highly beautiful picture of the negro :—

"In these romantic regions, man grows wild;  
Here dwells the negro, nature's outcast child;  
Scorned by his brethren; but his mother's eye,  
That gazes on him from her warmest sky,  
Sees on his flexible limbs untutor'd grace,  
Power on his forehead, beauty in his face;  
Sees in his breast, where lawless passions rove,  
The heart of friendship, and the home of love;  
Sees in his mind, where desolation reigns,  
Fierce as his clime, unsocial'd as his plains.  
A soil where virtue's fairest flowers might shoot,  
And trees of science bend with glorious fruit,  
Sees in his soul, involved with thickest night,  
An emanation of eternal light,  
Ordain'd midst sinking worlds his dust to fire,  
And shine for ever when the stars expire."

The poets have almost invariably been on the side of humanity; and Rogers, in his "Pleasures of Memory," gives the following appalling picture of a slave-ship :—

"From Guinea's coast pursue the lessening sail,  
And catch the sounds that sadden every gale,  
Tell, if thou canst, the sum of sorrows there:  
Mark the fixt gaze, the wild and phrenzied glare,  
The rack of thoughts, and freezings of despair.  
But pause not then,—beyond the western wave,  
Go, view the captive hartered as a slave,  
Crushed, till his high, heroic spirit bleeds,  
And from his nerveless frame indignantly recedes.  
Yet here, even here with pleasures long resigned,  
Lo! memory bursts the twilight of the mind;  
Here dear delusions sooth the sinking soul,  
When the rude scourge assumes its base control,  
And o'er Futurity's blank page diffuse  
The full reflection of her vivid hues."

England and America have lately united hand in hand in a solemn treaty to destroy the wicked traffic of the slave trade. May they long continue in bonds of friendship, and shew to the various nations of the world, that "humanity is man's first duty." P. T. W.

For anecdotes relating to the moral character of negroes, see Blumenbach, Barrow, le Pailliet, and Mungo Park; "The Turkish Spy," vol. I. page 215, and "Poems on the Abolition of the Slave Trade," by Montgomery, James Graham, and E. Benger.

## THE SIEGE OF GIBRALTAR.

THE following is an extract from a journal kept by a person at Gibraltar, during the memorable siege, which began June 21, 1779, and ended February 2, 1783 :—

The Spaniards blockaded us in the month of June, 1779, and reduced us to the lowest extremity, so that provision sold at the following prices, viz.—

	£.	s.	d.
Beef or Mutton.....per lb.	0	4	8
Pork.....per lb.	0	3	0
Bullock's Liver.....per lb.	0	1	6
A Turkey.....	3	12	0
A Goose.....	2	2	0
A Duck or Fowl, 15s. to.....	1	1	0

We opened our batteries on the 12th of September, 1779, and continued firing at intervals until the 2nd of February, 1783.

January 27, 1780.—Admiral Rodney arrived here with troops, stores, and provisions for the garrison; he fell in with the Spanish fleet near Cadiz, took an Admiral, with seven sail of the line, and blew up the largest ship of their fleet.

June 7.—The Spaniards sent nine sail of fire-ships to the wemhole, but by the alacrity of our seamen, they were towed off without doing us the least damage.

April 12, 1781.—Admirals Darby, Digby, and Rowe arrived with stores and provisions for the garrison, but before they cast anchor, the Spaniards opened all their batteries on us: they kept such a shower of shot and shells flying, that it seemed impossible for a bird to fly over us unhurt.

November 27.—Our Governor, General Elliot, with a few of his hardy troops, sallied out to attack our enemies in their advanced works; we succeeded much better than could be expected: took some officers and soldiers prisoners, spiked up their guns and mortars, blew up three magazines, set fire to their batteries, and boldly marched back to our garrison by the light of the enemies' works, which were all in flames.

September 8, 1782.—General Boyd had the command of all the batteries fronting the enemy by land, and the detachment of artillery under him exerted themselves with so much bravery, that in a few hours we burned their Maho battery.

September 9.—The enemy attacked us with ten battering ships of war, so constructed as to resist either shot or shells; but by the gallant behaviour of our troops, they were all set on fire by our red hot balls; the dreadful cries of those who were surrounded with flames, induced Captain Curtis to go to their assistance, who brought 400 of them safe

to land through the midst of the greatest danger, whilst the ships blew up with a dreadful explosion. The enemy had 144,500 men employed against us, and the whole of our strength amounted to only 6,021 effective men, so that our brave garrison fought 24 times their own number during the siege.

February 2, 1783.—The Spaniards sent a flag of truce to acquaint us of a general peace throughout Europe, and on the 10th of March, the *Thetis* frigate arrived with confirmation of the pleasing news.

Shot, &c. fired from the garrison.

Shot.....	57,163
Shells.....	129,151
Grape Shot.....	12,681
Carcase Bombs.....	926
Light Balls.....	679
Total.....	200,600

Shot, &c. fired by the enemy.

Shot.....	182,528
Shells.....	75,860
Total.....	258,388

Our loss during the siege, viz.—

	Off- cers.	Ser- geants.	Drum mers.	Pri- vates.
Killed.....	5	19	3	594
Wounded.....	34	57	17	2,853
Died of their wounds...	1	5	1	246
Missing.....	0	0	0	1

Inhabitants killed..... 18

Wounded..... 24

The enemies' loss is supposed to be 13,636

H. O.

### MOROCCO ETIQUETTE.

If the Emperor should inquire about any person that has recently died, it is not the etiquette to mention the word "death," a Mussulman is supposed never to die, the answer is *Ufah Ameruh*, "his destiny is closed," or "he has completed his destiny." To which the following answer is invariably given, *Allah e Erhamoh*, "God be merciful to him." If a Jew's death is announced to any Mussulman prince, fakcer, or alkaid, the expression is *Maat hashak asseedi*, "He is dead, Sir," *Hashak* is an Arabic idiom, the exact meaning of which cannot easily be conveyed in English; but it may be assimilated to "Pardon me for mentioning in your presence a name contemptible or gross (as Zew.)" Thus for farther elucidation to the inquirer after the peculiarities of language, *Kis 'Willen*

R 8

*ma el Kaba hashak asseedi*, "He is talking with a prostitute—your pardon, Sir, for the grossness of the expression."

### EPITAPH ON OLD JENKINS.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—I have sent you an Epitaph on a monument erected at Bolton in Yorkshire, to the memory of Henry Jenkins, which you will please to insert, if you think proper, in your MIRROR.]

T. A. C.

Blush not, marble,  
To rescue from oblivion  
The memory of  
HENRY JENKINS,  
A person obscure in birth,  
But of a life truly memorable,

For  
He was enriched  
With the goods of nature,  
If not of fortune,  
And happy  
In the duration,  
If not variety,  
Of his enjoyments:

And  
Tho' the partial world  
Despised and disregarded  
This low and humble state  
The equal eye of Providence  
Beheld and blessed it  
With a Patriarch's health and length of  
days

To teach mistaken man  
Those blessings are entailed in temper-  
ance,

A life of labour, and a mind at ease,  
He lived to the amazing age of 169,  
Was interred here, December 6, 1670,  
And had this justice done to his memory,  
1743.

### SHAKSPEARE'S SEVEN AGES OF MAN.

THE ancient Chroniclers classed or arranged the History of the World into seven distinct portions which they termed "ages," and the life of man has been subjected to the same division. In a book containing the Customs of London and various other matters, historical, political, and economical, known among biblioplists as "The Customs of London," and "Arnold's Chronicle," printed by Pynson, are the "Seven ages of the World," and the "Seven ages of Man," the last of which I give you as I had it from the book itself, and perhaps it may by you be thought worth the insertion, but of which you will of course exercise your discretion upon; it is as follows:—

¶ The vii ages of man lyving in y<sup>e</sup> worlde.

The fyrst age is infancie, and lastythy from the byrth unto vii yere of age. The ii is chylldhod and enduryth unto xv yere age. The iii age is adolescencye and enduryth unto xxv yere age. The v age is manhod and enduryth unto l yere age. The vi age is and lasteth unto lxx yere age. The vii age of a man is crepyll and enduryth unto deth. PAULINUS.\*

\* We shall be glad to receive from Paulinus, the Ballad of King Lear so kindly promised us. Ed.

### THE MONTH OF APRIL.

THIS is the fourth month of the year, according to the common computation; but the second, reckoning from the vernal equinox. The word is derived from *Aprilis*, of *aperio*, I open; because the earth, in the month, begins to open her bosom for the production of vegetables. In this month the sun travels through parts of the signs Aries and Taurus. April is represented by a young man in green, with a garland of myrtle and hawthorn buds; in one hand, primroses and violets; in the other, the sign Taurus. Dr. Aiken, says, "The distinguishing characteristic of the weather during this month is sickleness; the most lively sunshiny days are succeeded by others, which by the face of contrast often seem the most unpleasant of any in the year; the bright green of the fresh leaves, and the delightful view of newly opened flowers, are too frequently obscured by clouds and chilled by rough wintry blasts. The most perfect image of spring, however, is exhibited in this month; no production has yet come to maturity, and the vicissitudes of warm gleams and gentle showers, have the most powerful effect in hastening that universal springing of the vegetable tribes, whence the season derives its appellation."

"Now daisies pied, and violets blue,  
And lady-smocks all silver white,  
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue,  
Do paint the meadows with delight,  
The cuckoo now on every tree  
Sings cuckoo, cuckoo."

"Early in the month, that welcome guest and harbinger of summer, the swallow, returns. At first, here and there, only one appears, glancing by, as if scarcely able to endure the cold."

"The swallow for a moment seen,  
Skins in haste the village green."

"Fish, actuated by the same law that exerts its influence upon the rest of na-

ture, now leave the deep holes and sheltered bottoms where they passed the winter, and wandering about in search of food, again offer themselves to the search of the angler."—Warton beautifully says,—

"Beneath a willow, long forsook,  
The fisher seeks his custom'd nook;  
And bursting thro' the cracking sedge  
That crowns the currents' cavern'd edge,  
He startles from the bordering wood  
The bashful wild-ducks' early brood."

The following proverbs relate to April:

"When April blows his horn,"  
It's good both for hay and corn."  
"April borrows three days of March, and they are ill."  
"An April flood carries away the frog and her brood." P. T. W.

\* That is, when it thunders in April.

### A HOAX IN LISBON.

IN the year 1811, and while our troops were stationed in Lisbon, a singular hoax was played. A notice, of which the following is a copy, was printed and freely circulated:—

#### NOTICE.

"An officer of the British army has deposited £500. sterling, that he walks across the River Tagus, on Monday next at one o'clock, or about the middle of the day, in a pair of boots made of cork, from the Tower of Belem, opposite to the Torre Velha. These boots are of an admirable construction, and very curious, invented by the officer who will make use of them."

Such was the nature of the hand-bills distributed very profusely at Lisbon on a Saturday, to which you will perceive there is no date, notwithstanding which, the credulity of the Portuguese was such, that on Monday morning, December 1811, by ten o'clock, people began to assemble on the shore, houses looking on the water, Belem Castle, &c. &c. to the number of many thousands, and not a boat or carriage was to be hired after eleven o'clock, or a person to be met in the streets; all were gone to see the wonderful sight, which the gazing throng anxiously looked for in vain till sunset, when they began to retire with bitter execrations, but as they passed along the streets, were annoyed by people hissing and hanging a pair of jack-boots out of the windows; the river was covered with boats filled with well dressed people, and four dollars was paid for one sitting in a boat, in which there might be ten, fifteen, or twenty people. Carriages usually let



for ten or twelve shillings, were on that day let for thirty or forty shillings, and to add to the scene, large parties had gone into Belem Castle, forgetting that the tide flowed round it, till going away, when dark, they found themselves prisoners except by taking boat, which many did, and paid handsomely for.

## The Selector;

OR,

### CHOICE EXTRACTS FROM NEW WORKS.

#### BURNS' BIRTH PLACE.

Two miles from the town of Ayr, we came to the hut where Burns was born. It is a low thatched building of a single story, forming the corner, and connected by the same roof with two or three others of a similar size. A trifling bribe prevailed on the driver of the dilly to stop, while my companion and myself examined the interior of this humble dwelling. A sign is affixed to the walls without, which bears the inscription which follows:—"Burns' cottage.—Robert Burns, the Ayrshire poet, was born under this roof on the 29th January, 1759." Two small rooms occupy the whole floor of the house; in one of which, now used as a kitchen, is a recess where stood the bed in which the poet was born. The other apartment is furnished with some neatness, and boasts an engraved view of the dwelling, and a large painting of Burns, which from its size and style of execution, seems to have been intended for a tavern sign-board. The present occupier of the cabin, an elderly sawney-looking man, who seemed to have been never particularly abstemious in the use of whisky, said that it was in that room that he last saw Burns, and then took a *drum* with him; adding, "poor fellow!" He seemed no-wise averse to repeating the draught even at this early hour: and, accordingly, leaving him enough for a double and triple potion, we mounted our seats and pursued our journey.—*Bigelow's Leaves from a Journal.*

#### BATTLE OF THE SHANNON AND THE CHESAPEAKE.

It is well known that during the last American war, the last we hope it will ever remain, Captain (afterwards Sir Philip) Broke, of the Shannon sent a challenge to Captain Lawrence of the Chesapeake; the challenge however did

not reach him; but the latter observing the Shannon outside of Boston, came out purposely to engage her.

The action commenced with becoming spirit on both sides; but the ships getting foul, the Shannon's position enabled her to sweep the whole range of the American's decks with her shot.

Captain Broke now saw that the Chesapeake's quarter-deck division were deserting their guns. He instantly called out, "Board!" and, accompanied by the first lieutenant and twenty men, sprang upon the Chesapeake's quarter-deck. Here not an officer or man was to be seen. Upon her gangways, about twenty Americans made a slight resistance. These were instantly driven towards the fore-castle; where a few endeavoured to get down the fore-hatchway, but in their eagerness prevented each other; a few fled over the bows, and reached the main deck through the bridle ports; and the remainder laid down their arms and submitted. Between thirty and forty of the Shannon's marines quickly followed the first boarding party. These kept down the men who were ascending the main hatchway, and answered a spirited fire, still continued from the main and mizen tops. The Chesapeake's fore-top was, in the mean time, stormed by midshipman Smith and his top men, about five in number; who either destroyed or drove on deck all the Americans there stationed. This gallant young man had deliberately passed along the Shannon's fore-yard, which was braced up to the Chesapeake's, also braced up; and thence into her top.

After those upon the fore-castle had submitted, Captain Broke ordered one of his men to stand sentry over them, and sent most of the others aft, where the conflict was still going on. He was in the act of giving them orders to answer the fire from the Chesapeake's main top, when the sentry called lustily out to him. On turning round, the Captain found himself opposed by three of the Americans; who, seeing they were superior to the British then near them, had armed themselves afresh. Captain Broke parried the middle fellow's pike, and wounded him in the face; but instantly received from the man on the pikeman's right, a blow with the butt-end of a musket, which bared his skull, and nearly stunned him. Determined to finish the British commander, the third man cut him down with his broadsword, and, at that very instant, was himself cut down by one of the Shannon's seamen. Captain Broke and his treacherous foe now lay side by side; each, although nearly powerless, struggling to regain his sword,

when a marine dispatched the American with his bayonet. Captain Broke was not the only sufferer upon this occasion; one of his men was killed, and two or three were wounded. Can it be wondered, if all that were concerned in this breach of faith fell victims to the indignation of the Shannon's men? It was as much as their commander could do, to save from their fury a young midshipman, who, having slid down a rope from the Chesapeake's fore-top, begged his protection. Mr. Smith who had also descended from the fore-top, and a seaman, were at this time helping the Captain on his legs. The seaman, while tying a handkerchief round his commander's head, called out, (pointing aft,) "There, Sir, there goes up the old ensign over the yankee colours." The Captain saw it hoisting, (with what feelings may well be imagined,) and was instantly led to the quarter-deck, where he seated himself upon one of the carronade-slides.

The gallant first lieutenant of the Shannon, (George T. L. Watt) was struck on the head with a grape-shot from one of that ship's fore-mast guns, while in the act of hoisting the British colours over the American. Another gun was discharged, unfortunately, before the officer commanding that division knew of the Chesapeake's surrender; and three or four of the Shannon's men shared the lamented fate of Mr. Watt, besides several being wounded. Even after the British colours were flying on board the Chesapeake, some of her men kept firing up the main hatchway, and killed a British marine. It was then, and not till then, that Lieutenant (Charles Leslie) Falkiner, who was sitting on the booms, very properly directed three or four muskets that were ready, to be fired down. Captain Broke, from his seat upon the carronade-slide, told him to summon them to surrender, if they desired quarter. He did so. They replied, "We surrender;" and all hostility ceased. Soon after this, Captain Broke's senses failed him from loss of blood; and the Shannon's jolly boat arriving with a supply of men, (the two ships having separated, owing to the Chesapeake's quarter-gallery giving way,) he was carried on board his own ship.

Between the discharge of the first gun, and the period of Captain Broke's boarding, eleven minutes only elapsed; and, in four minutes more, the Chesapeake was completely his. Hundreds of spectators from Boston and the surrounding neighbourhood holding their watches in their hands, were astonished at the speedy termination of the firing; and the fact of the Shannon's first lieutenant having

been killed by a cannon-shot, as he was hoisting the colours on board the Chesapeake, clearly proves, that the firing did not cease till the very moment of victory.—*James's Naval History.*

#### THE ROYAL EXCHANGE.—A WELL-KNOWN LADY.

ON the walls around the interior of the piazza, placards and advertisements of all descriptions are exhibited in every variety of form, to catch the gazer's eye. According to the professions which they severally contain, all the wants and wishes of mankind can be supplied, all the disorders incident to humanity can be cured, all the evils prevalent in society can be prevented. It is your own fault if you be burned in your bed; for here is the *fire-escape*. It is the shipwrecked seaman's fault if he be drowned; for there is the *life-preserver*, or, what is much more efficacious in many a mariner's opinion, the precious *child's cawl*, "which may be had of Mrs. Prigging's of Rotherhithe, for the moderate price of ten guineas!" Here is a facetious *nota bene* from Van Butchel the younger, and there a *moolest* notification from the knight of the Medical Board. But amongst all these, there is "no medicine to a mind diseased." Look at the only female figure in the place, sitting on the bench by the side of my master. She is dressed in deep mourning, with a reticule on her finger. Her cheeks and even her lips are painted; and she fancies herself a lady of wealth and high degree. Some years ago she had an only brother, a clerk in the Bank of England, who was the chief support of herself and their widowed mother: his premature death reduced them to poverty, and deranged the intellects of his sister. She has continued to appear in black ever since, and cannot forego the professional idea *that her brother left her a handsome fortune*, the illusive receipt of which is with her the occupation of every day. For this purpose she is assiduous in her visits to the Bank: the clerks, who are acquainted with her misfortunes, humanely fall in with her humour; and she is chiefly supported by their eleemosynary contributions, which she benignantly considers as part of a dividend that is her due in behalf of her deceased relative. She is now looking at a dirty Goldsmith's *Almanack*, to see if it be one of the numerous *red-letter days*, that prevent her, as she says, from transacting business at the Bank. With these she is in general as well acquainted as any clerk in the establishment. She remarked, while restoring the ruddy calendar to its old



station in her pocket, "that she could do no business at the Bank to day;" and, with a gracious courtesy to all around, she twisted her reticule on her finger, and departed. I could not avoid ejaculating, "Alas! poor human nature!"—*Aureus; or the Life and Opinions of a Sovereign.*

### THE SILLER CROWN.

#### A SCOTCH BALLAD,

*By the Honourable Miss Stuart.*

O! we shall walk in silk attire,  
And siller ha'e to spare,  
If ye'll consent to be my bride,  
Nor think on Donald mair!  
Ah! wha wou'd buy a silken gown  
With a poor broken heart?  
And what's to me a siller crown  
Gin frae my lad I part!

The mind whose ev'ry wish is pure  
Far dearer is to me;  
And ere I'm fore'd to break my aith  
I'll lay me down and dee!  
For I ha'e pledg'd my virgin-troth  
Brave Donald's fate to share,  
And he has giv'n to me his heart,  
With a' its virtues rare!

His gentle manners won my heart,  
He, gratefu', took the gift;  
And, should I gang to seek it back,  
It wou'd be waur than theft!  
For longest life can ne'er repay  
The love he bears to me;  
And ere I'm fore'd to break my aith,  
I'll lay me down and dee!

*Star.*

### SCYLLA.

As the breadth across this celebrated strait has been so often disputed, I particularly state, that the Faro Tower is exactly six thousand and forty-seven English yards from that classical bugbear, the Rock of Scylla, which, by poetical fiction, has been depicted in such terrific colours, and to describe the horrors of which, Phalerion, a painter, celebrated for his nervous representation of the awful and the tremendous, exerted his whole talent. But the flights of poetry can seldom bear to be shackled by homely truth, and if we are to receive the fine imagery, that places the summit of this rock in clouds brooding eternal mists and tempests—that represents it as inaccessible, even to a man provided with twenty hands and twenty feet, and immerses its base among ravenous sea-dogs;—why not also receive the whole circle of mythological dogmas of Homer, who, though so frequently dragged forth as an authority in history, theology, surgery, and geography, ought, in justice, to be read only as a poet. In the writings of so exquisite a bard, we must not expect to find all his representations strictly confined to a mere accurate narration of facts.

Moderns of intelligence, in visiting this spot, have gratified their imaginations, already heated by such descriptions as the escape of the Argonauts, and the disasters of Ulysses, with fancying it the scourge of seamen, and, that in a gale its caverns "roar like dogs;" but I, as a sailor, never perceived any difference between the effect of the surges here, and on any other coast, yet I have frequently watched it closely in bad weather. It is now, as I presume it ever was, a common rock, of bold approach, a little worn at its base, and surmounted by a castle, with a sandy bay on each side.—*Smyth's Sicily.*

### CHARYBDIS.

OUTSIDE the tongue of land, or Braccio di St. Rainiere, that forms the harbour of Messina, lies the Galofaro, or celebrated vortex of Charybdis, which has, with more reason than Scylla, been clothed with terrors by the writers of antiquity. To the undecked boats of the Rhegians, Locrians, Zancleans, and Greeks, it must have been formidable; for, even in the present day, small craft are sometimes endangered by it, and I have seen several men-of-war, and even a seventy-four-gun ship, whirled round on its surface; but, by using due caution, there is generally very little danger or inconvenience to be apprehended. It appears to be an agitated water, of from seventy to ninety fathoms in depth, circling in quick eddies. It is owing probably to the meeting of the harbour and lateral currents with the main one, the latter being forced over in this direction by the opposite point of Pezzo. This agrees, in some measure, with the relation of Thucydides, who calls it a violent reciprocation of the Tyrrhene and Sicilian seas, and he is the only writer of remote antiquity I remember to have read, who has assigned this danger its true situation, and not exaggerated its effects. Many wonderful stories are told respecting this vortex, particularly some said to have been related by the celebrated diver, Colas, who lost his life here; I have never found reason, however, during my examination of this spot, to believe one of them.—*Ibid.*

### The Nobelist.

No. LI.

#### THE BLASTED TREE.

"I mark'd the broad and blasted oak,  
Scorch'd by the lightning's livid glare;  
Hollow its stem from branch to root,  
And all its shrivell'd arms were bare."

It was a piercing night in mid-winter, and along the rounded hills towards the

Clifton meadows, below Aylesbury, the moonlight sparkled on the bright and thickly-crusts snows with peculiar splendour. Far off, the faint but perpetual roar of the icy river was heard, and the dark forests beyond it were dimly seen in the distance, like a heavy cloud in the western horizon. The intermediate country presented only a few solitary trees, and, save that here and there a rugged group of overgrown shrubbery was seen above the snow, one wide and vast uncultivated waste appeared. It was a night in which the fancy of an honest German could not fail to conjure up a thousand phantoms; his shrieking ghosts cried from the crevices of every sapless tree; his witches rode on the pale moonlight moonbeams, in the distant and scarcely perceptible mist that spread a thin veil over the beautiful stars; and the wandering spirits of his departed friends peeped like premature resurrectionists from behind every thicket.

The hour of eleven had drawn nigh, and the watchful family that inhabited the crazy cabin on the borders of this barren country, had extinguished their blazing pine lights, buried up their fires, and sprinkled over the smoking ashes the spoonful of salt, the magic virtues of which dispersed the ghostly train, and ensured them a peaceful rest; when two travellers passed along the broken road that leads from the village towards the ford above the falls. One bore the appearance of an old man, infirm with age; his broad-brimmed hat hid his face, but some thin grey locks waved around his shoulders, and he leaned forward on his jaded horse like one suffering with fatigue or decrepitude; behind him was the appendage of a stranger, a large black portmanteau, which swelled with the treasure it contained. The other was an athletic young man, whom the good people distinguished to be a hardy woodman, who sometimes acted as guide to travellers, and sometimes, for he had some science, run out patented lands, and was, withal, better acquainted with the country than any man in it. He led the old man's horse sometimes, and sometimes ran before to break the road.

The cottagers thought they discovered traits of mystery in this; and as every thing that partook of mystery boded mischief, according to their conceptions, they followed the midnight travellers across the barrens with their eyes, until they disappeared, and then lay several anxious hours dreaming of murder, and robbery, and blood. More than once they thought they heard the piercing cry of despair, mingling with the roar of the water-fall;

and more than once discovered symptoms in the dusky room that spoke of death without.

But the woodman was in the village before sunrise; he reported that he had put the stranger safely across the ford, and left him to pursue his journey. Suspicion was hushed for the moment, for the character of the young man was good: the traveller was known to have possessed money, but he had been called down the river on business of such urgent importance, that it was necessary for him to reach the lower ford that night, and he had with difficulty prevailed on Hurlbut to accompany him to the western road. Who the stranger was none knew, and thus far all was fair. But he never reached the ford, and no trace was heard of him from that night. Suspicion was once more awakened, and Hurlbut maintained, when questioned on the subject, a guarded and scornful silence. The fortune-tellers were consulted, and they anathematized the woodman. Signs were attended to, with all the formality of judicial inquiry, and even these condemned the unfortunate young man.

When spring came, it was discovered that a large oak tree, celebrated for its age and majesty, did not put forth a leaf. It grew near a by-road which led to the river below the fall; and as no other cause could be assigned for its blighted appearance, it was attributed to one which now met the popular suspicion among the Germans. They called it the blasted tree; and located the place where the stranger's blood was shed beneath its branches. Withered by the hot breath of murder, they declared it should bloom again, whenever the murderer should be brought to justice, and its blood sprinkled on its dry roots.

Five years passed away, and old impressions and vague suspicions grew stronger as years departed; Hurlbut was now surrounded by a young and dependant family; but superstition had fixed an indelible mark upon his character, and he was followed by the eye of jealousy, which watched his actions, his countenance, and his words, while it shunned his association. The man became restless and unhappy; he felt sensibly the weight of a sullied reputation, and though he had disregarded it for years, he began to sink under its influence into moroseness and disquietude.

About this time, some huntsmen in the pursuit of game which had sheltered in the blasted tree, cut it down, and, lo! from the old trunk fell the withered bones of a human being; they were examined by an anatomist, and declared to be the perfect

parts of the skeleton of a man, whom they judged might have been deposited there four or five years before. An opening in the trunk, some distance from the ground, confirmed the probability of the story. The Germans, and their neighbours, too, caught it up eagerly, and the fate of the unfortunate woodman seemed fixed. He fled the storm he saw gathering, but in a month returned and surrendered himself up for trial.

The excitement of the populace ran high; and as the day fixed for his trial drew near, the hopes of his acquittal vanished. The mass of the people were sure of his guilt, and they collected the evidence against him with an activity and zeal which savoured rather of the spirit of bitter persecution, than of a love of justice. I leave the reader to imagine for himself the feelings of a tender wife, and six destitute little children, as they looked forward through the gathering cloud to the day that was to fix his destiny, while I hasten to the crowded court-room, and the solemn arraignment of the husband and father for the crime of murder.

The prisoner stood pale and dejected, but silent and resigned, at the bar, and answered with a calm and steady voice, "Not Guilty," to the charge. He was asked if he had counsel; he answered in the negative, and requested that assistance might be assigned him. The judge cast his eyes round the court, as if carelessly in search of some one, on whom to lay what, as his manner seemed to indicate, he thought a hopeless task, when an old gentleman, whose presence amid the throng had not been noticed, rose and introduced himself as Mr. —, an eminent lawyer of the city. The court bowed respectfully, and a look of astonishment was visible on every face, when he asked the privilege of acting as the defendant's counsel.

It was granted, however, unhesitatingly, and he resumed his seat. When the witnesses had been heard on the side of the prosecution, he rose and addressed the court. He recollected the prisoner; he remembered, that on the night on which the evidence went to fix the murder, he had employed the prisoner in the capacity of a guide, and was conducted by him over the ford; that he missed his way, and did not reach the lower ford to which he had intended to go, but travelled by another direction to the city. In regard to the bones so mysteriously found, he had two evidences to prove, he said, that the very physician who pronounced them human and of five years' decay, and who was a bitter enemy of the defendant, had placed them there himself;

that they had for many years before decked a corner of his study; the first was a boy who assisted in placing them there, and the second was the aperture in the trunk of the tree itself, which, at the entrance, was not more than five inches in diameter, and, therefore, utterly incapable of admitting a human body. He sat down with acclamations of astonishment; the proof went on; the defendant was acquitted without an argument, and the corrupt and revengeful physician just escaped from the village time enough to save his neck.

This is the story of the blasted tree. It has a moral. How dangerous is superstition! how carefully should circumstantial evidence be examined, and how cautiously weighed! how false and how deceptive the idea, that what is generally believed is infallibly the right!

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### SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

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#### THE SHERWAHRAY HILLS IN INDIA.

THE Sherwahray Hills, according to tradition, derive their name from a famous Sennasse, who flourished above 1,000 years ago; the people seldom call them by their proper name, but by one signifying the "good hill," "holy hill," &c. They are situated six miles to the north of Salem, and to their very basis the country is in the highest state of cultivation. From the bottom to the encamping ground at the top is seven miles; the ascent is in general so easy, as to permit of a person being carried up either in a ton-jon or on horseback.

The height of these hills was very correctly taken by Captain Cullen, during that gentleman's barometrical observations in 1819, by which Salem was found to be 1,070 feet above the level of the sea, and half way up the hill. At a village where persons go up in general to breakfast, it was found to be 1,970 feet above Salem, and the encamping ground at the top 3,530. Flagstaff Peak, near the encampment, 3,783, and a hill with a pagoda, about four miles and a half from the camp, was found to be 4,190; the height therefore of the encampment above the sea is 4,600.

Flagstaff Peak . . . . . 4,850  
Hill with Pagoda . . . . . 5,260

From all sides of the table-land the eye is delighted with the most extensive and splendid scenery, and the clusters of gigantic trees, combined with the rich green of the fields of young millet, recall to

memory the picturesque and beautiful appearance of our gardens and plantations at home.

The inhabitants consist exclusively of the caste called Vellalers, and by their account emigrated about 600 years ago from Conjeeveram. Their manners and mode of life are extremely simple, and their dispositions appear to be of the best kind, civil and obliging, manifesting a strong desire to gain the good-will of strangers. Their life is entirely of a pastoral description, and crimes of a heinous nature are seldom or never committed amongst them. Their disputes are in general settled by the head-man of each Naud; but when the matter in dispute is of importance, the three chiefs meet together, and having heard both parties, pass their decision, which is always final, and received with perfect submission and respect: they have never yet applied to our courts for justice. Their females seem to be much secluded, at least it is very rarely they are seen; but, from the number of children which appear, they must either be very numerous or very prolific. By their own account they are a very healthy race, which is corroborated by their appearance; the only disease they dread is the small-pox, which some years ago nearly depopulated the hills. No case of the spasmodic cholera has ever occurred amongst them; a lame or deformed person has not been seen, and many appear to have attained an extreme old age.

The domestic animals are black cattle and buffaloes; the former are very numerous, and much superior to those on the plains; the wild animals are elk, hog, bear, and bison; tigers have lately found their way to the encampment, as also have hyenas and jackals; but none of these animals are said to breed on the tableland. Jungle fowl, partridges, and quails of all kinds are numerous; the bison is by far the largest animal known in this part of India, the elephant excepted, and when hard pressed, shows a considerable degree of bravery.—*Asiatic Journal*.

## Scientific Amusements.

### No. III.

*To produce Coloured Flames, which, in the dark, are very curiously reflected by the faces of the spectators.*

To do this, certain substances are mixed with burning alcohol.—A beautiful rose-coloured flame, is produced by inflaming four parts of alcohol poured over one part

of muriate of strontia, in a small iron ladle.—An orange-coloured flame is produced by burning spirits of wine on muriate of lime deprived of its water of crystallization.—A flame having a fine green tinge, is produced by burning alcohol on boracic acid, or nitrate of copper.—A yellow flame is produced by burning alcohol on muriate of soda, or nitrate of potass.—*Note.* It should be observed, that the ladle ought previously to be warmed, and ought to be kept heated while the alcohol is burning. The salts remaining behind, after being dried, may be used for the same purpose again.

### *A Metal which bursts into flame when thrown upon Cold Water.*

PLACE a piece of potassium, of about two grains weight, upon cold water in a basin, when it inflames and exhibits a beautiful light of a violet red colour.

### *Spoons which Melt in Hot Water.*

FUSE together, in a crucible, eight parts of bismuth, five of lead, and three of tin: these metals will combine, and form an alloy, (of which spoons may be made possessed of the remarkable property of melting in boiling water).

### *To Melt a piece of Metal in a Nutshell.*

TAKE three parts of nitre, (freed from water of crystallization by exposure to heat), one part of sulphur, and one of very fine dry saw-dust—mingle the whole intimately together. This is called the *powder of fusion*, and is a kind of chemical flux. Let a quantity of this be well pressed into a walnut-shell, with a thin piece of copper coiled up in the midst of it, and then set on fire: it will burn rapidly, and the metal will be fused into a round globule, while the shell is only blackened.—A combination takes place between the metal and sulphur, (which is aided by the potass), and the result is the formation of a sulphuret.

### *To make Cinders, or little Wicker-baskets, appear as if they were Crystallised.*

SATURATE water, kept boiling, with allum; then set the solution in a cool place, suspending in it, by a hair, or fine silk thread, a cinder, a sprig of a plant, or any other trifle; as the solution cools, a beautiful crystallization of the salt takes place upon the cinder, &c. which resemble specimens of mineralogical spar.—*Chemical Recreations.*

## ANTIPATHY.

*(For the Mirror.)*

VARIOUS, and often unaccountable, are the propensities and antipathies of men. The following relation gives an instance of an antipathy not only of a very singular nature, but which had like to have brought on the individual subject to it, a most dire misfortune.

A certain topographical author had a violent antipathy to wigs. It happened that he was one day dining in a company opposite to some military officers, the head of one of whom was unluckily adorned with a peruke. Our author, although intent on the repast, could not abstract his thoughts, nor divert his eyes from the hateful object. Again and again he directed his view towards it, the disgusting sight disturbed his peace, and spoiled his meal. His eyes darted fire, his countenance became distorted, his whole frame was convulsed, when at length his brain being frenzied, and his feelings overwhelmed, he suddenly rose from his seat, made a spring across the table, seized with unmanly eagerness the obnoxious appendage to the head, and, with an air of indignation and triumph, hurled it with his utmost force on the floor. The company was alarmed, the officer drew the weapon of death, and, our topographer made his escape from instant annihilation, not so much to a good pair of heels (which, it is said, he fortunately possessed) as to the thorough knowledge of the turnings and windings in the town of S—, of which he had previously written the history, and through which a considerable part of the offended party pursued him with all their might.

T. A. C.

## WONDERFUL UTILITY OF AN AFRICAN TREE.

*(For the Mirror.)*

IN the kingdom of Congo, there grows naturally a tree of such bulk, that ten men cannot fathom it round. The natives call it bondo, and as the wood early rots, they do not build their huts near it, lest its fall should crush them to death, or its fruit, which is of the size of a large gourd, and easily broken from the tree, should knock them down. The bark of this tree, well beaten and macerated, yields a coarse thread, of which they make their ropes, and which macerated and dried, and beaten with bars of iron or wood, becomes like a large piece of cloth; with this the natives cover their middle from the girdle to the knees. The shell, or rind of the fruit, which is hard like

that of a gourd or calabash, being freed from its pulp, which in time of scarcity may be made into a nourishing pap, serves for vessels of various kinds, and gives to water, preserved in it, a pleasant aromatic taste. The small leaves are eaten in time of scarcity, and the large ones serve to cover houses, or being burned, to make good soap. The Botanical name of this tree is *Aliconda*.

## THE AMERICAN CONSTITUTION.

MR. EDITOR,—The following is part of Mr. Wilson's speech delivered, December 3, 1787, during the Debates of the Convention of the State of Pennsylvania, on the Constitution proposed for the Government of the United States. Thus, "Take detached parts of any system whatsoever, in the manner these gentlemen have hitherto taken this Constitution, and you will make it absurd and inconsistent with itself. I do not confine this observation to human performances alone; it will apply to divine writings. An anecdote, which I have heard, exemplifies this observation: When Sternhold and Hopkins's version of the Psalms was usually sung in churches, a line was first read by the clerk, and then sung by the congregation. A sailor had stepped in and heard the clerk read this line: 'The Lord will come, and he will not.' The sailor stared; and when the clerk read the next line, 'Keep silence, but speak out,' the sailor left the church thinking the people were not in their senses. This story (said Wilson) may convey an idea of the treatment of the plan before you, for although it contains sound sense, when connected, yet by the detached manner of considering it, it appears highly absurd."—*See Wilson's speech taken in short-hand, by Thomas Lloyd of Philadelphia.*

## PALM SUNDAY AND EASTER MONDAY.

ON Palm Sunday, boys and girls (youths and maidens have now-a-days got above so childish a practice,) may be met early in the morning, in blithe, but breakfastless companies, sallying forth towards the pretty outlets about Hampstead and Highgate, on the one side the water, and Camberwell and Clapham on the other—all of which they innocently imagine to be "the country"—there to sport away the pleasant hours till dinner-time, and then return home with joy in their hearts, endless appetites in their stomachs, and

bunches of the willow with its silken bloom-buds in their hands, as trophies of their travels.

Now, at last, the Easter week is arrived, and the poor have for once in the year the best of it—setting all things, but their own sovereign will, at a wise defiance. The journeyman who works on Easter Monday, even though he were a tailor itself, should lose his *caste*, and be sent to the Coventry of mechanics—wherever that may be. In fact, it cannot happen. On Easter Monday ranks change places—Jobson is as good as Sir John—the “rude mechanical” is “monarch of all he surveys” from the summit of Greenwich-hill—and when he thinks fit to say “It is our royal pleasure to be drunk!”—who shall dispute the proposition? Not I, for one. When our English mechanics accuse their betters of oppressing them, the said betters should reverse the old appeal, and refer from Philip sober to Philip drunk; and then nothing more could be said. But now, they have no betters, even in their own notion of the matter. And, in the name of all that is transitory, envy them not their brief supremacy! It will be over before the end of the week, and they will be as eager to return to their labour as they now are to escape from it: for the only thing that an Englishman, whether high or low, cannot endure patiently for a week together, is, unmingled amusement. At this time, however, he is determined to try. Accordingly, on Easter Monday all the narrow lanes and blind alleys of our metropolis pour forth their dingy denizens into the suburban fields and villages, in search of the said amusement—which is plentifully provided for them by another class, even less enviable than the one on whose patronage they depend:—for of all callings, the most melancholy is that of purveyor of pleasure to the poor. During the Monday our determined holiday-maker, as in duty bound, contrives, by the aid of a little or not a little artificial stimulus, to be happy in a tolerably exemplary manner. On the Tuesday, he *fancies* himself happy to-day, because he *felt* himself so yesterday. On the Wednesday he cannot tell what has come to him—but every ten minutes he wishes himself at home—where he never goes but to sleep. On Thursday he finds out the secret that he is heartily sick of doing nothing, but is ashamed to confess it: and then what is the use of going to work before his money is spent? On Friday he swears that he is a fool for throwing away the greater part of his quarter’s savings without having any thing to show for it—and gets gloriously drunk with

the rest, to prove his words: passing the pleasantest night of all the week in a watch-house. And on Saturday, after thanking “his worship” for his good advice, of which he does not remember a word, he comes to the wise determination that, after all, there is nothing like working all day long in silence, and at night spending his earnings and his breath in beer and politics!—So much for the Easter week of a London holiday-maker.

But there is a sport belonging to Easter Monday, which is not confined to the lower classes, and which, fun forbid that I should pass over silently.—If the reader has not, during his boyhood, performed the exploit of riding to the turn-out of the stag on Epping Forest;—following the hounds all day long,—at a respectful distance;—returning home in the evening with the loss of nothing but his hat, his hunting whip, and his horse—not to mention a portion of his nether person;—and finishing the day by joining the Lady Mayoress’s ball at the Mansion-house;—if the reader has not done all this when a boy, I will not tantalize him by expatiating on the superiority of those who have. And if he *has* done it, I need not tell him that he has no cause to envy his friend who escaped with a flesh-wound from the fight of Waterloo—for there is not a pin to choose between them!

#### MAUNDY THURSDAY.

THIS day, which is always the Thursday before Easter, is called, in Latin, *dies Mandati*, the day of the command, being the day on which our Lord washed the feet of his disciples, as recorded in the second lesson. This practice was long kept up in the monasteries. After the ceremony, liberal donations were made to the poor, of clothing and of silver money; and refreshment was given them to mitigate the severity of the fast. A relic of this custom is still preserved in the donations dispensed at St. James’s on this day. The following description of the ceremony as practised five or six years since, will be interesting to our provincial readers. The numbers partaking of the king’s bounty this time amounted to eighty. The distribution, as usual, took place at Whitehall Chapel; but on account of an extra staircase being built from the anti-chapel to the royal closet for the Duchess of York to ascend, the morning proceedings did not take place there, but a temporary building was erected on the outside in Privy Gardens, where accommodation was provided for



eighty men and eighty women, and about fifty spectators. Two cods, two salmon, eighteen red herrings, eighteen pickled herrings, with four loaves, were given to each person in a wooden bowl. After the fish and bread had been distributed, three pounds and a half of beef and one loaf were given to each person. The sub-almoner, and the lord high almoner's secretary, attended to inspect the distribution; and after all the poor persons had received their provisions, the sub-almoner proposed the health of the king, which was drunk in ale, in wooden cups. In the afternoon the ceremonies and additional royal bounties were resumed in the Chapel. The gentlemen of the Chapel Royal attended to perform the service. Soon after three o'clock the ceremonies commenced by a procession entering the Chapel, of eight yeomen of the guard and a yeoman usher, one of the yeomen carrying on his head a large gold dish, in which were 160 red kid bags, which ought to have contained 10s. in gold, but had a one pound bank note instead; and also white kid bags, tied to the others with white leather strings, about two feet long, in which were 1d. 2d. 3d. and 4d. silver pieces, amounting to 6s. 8d., being as many pence as the king was years old. The dish containing these bags was placed on a table, which was covered with a white cloth, in front of the altar. The remainder of the procession consisted of the sub-dean of the Chapel Royal, the sub-almoner, the lord high almoner's secretary, the groom of the almonry, two boys and two girls, selected from St. Margaret's National School, for their good behaviour, by the sub-almoner; these, with the gentlemen, were decorated with cambric muslin, scarfs and sashes, carrying *bouquets* of flowers, and were preceded by a gentleman verger of the Chapel Royal.

After the first lesson, the gentlemen who formed the procession ascended into the gallery, and distributed to the eighty men, shoes and stockings by the hands of the sub-almoner. The gentlemen of the choir then sung an appropriate piece. After this, cloth for a coat, and linen for a shirt, were distributed in a similar manner. Additional music succeeded, and the red bags, containing the one pound notes and the small silver coinage, were then distributed to the men, and afterwards, in a similar manner, to eighty women. An anthem was then sung, an appropriate thanksgiving and a prayer read, and the king's health was drunk in claret, out of wooden cups, by the gentlemen who performed the service and composed the procession, and the numerous

assemblage of those who had partaken of the royal bounty.

#### ON PASTE, OR EASTER EGGS.

THE Persians, before their conversion to Mohammedanism, reckoned the beginning of the year from the day in which the sun enters into Aries, which is in March. According to one of the ancient cosmogonies, all things were produced from an egg, hence called the Mundane egg. This cosmogony was received in Persia, and on this account, there obtained, among the people of that country, a custom of presenting each other with an egg, the symbol of a new beginning of time, on every new-year's day, that is, on the day when the sun enters Aries. The doctrine of the Mundane egg was not confined to the limits of Persia, but was spread, together with the consequent practice of presenting *new-year eggs*, through various other countries. But the new-year was not every where kept on the day on which the sun enters Aries, or, at least, it ceased in process of time, to be so kept. In Persia itself, the introduction of the Mohammedan faith brought with it a removal of new-year's day. Among the Jews, the season of the ancient new-year became that of the passover, and, among the Christians, the season of the passover has become that of Easter. Now, amid all these changes, the custom of giving eggs at the sun's entrance into Aries has continued. The egg has also continued to be held as a symbol, and the sole alteration is in the prototype. At first, it was said to be the symbol of the beginning of time, and now it is called the symbol of the resurrection. We see, hence, what was the real origin of the Easter egg of the Greek and Roman churches. The Roman church brought it into England.

In Persia, the celebration of the new-year at its ancient season has been revived, and with this, the practice of giving eggs. We are told by Sir John Chardin, that the Mohammedans of this country would not observe the first day of the solar year, out of opposition to those who persisted in their old country worship of fire, considering it as consecrated by them to the sun, which they thought was idolatrous, and therefore abhorred all public rejoicing on that day. But, at length, the lucky circumstance of one of their princes happening to succeed to the crown that day, revived the observation, and it is now celebrated with great splendour: the exact time of the entering of the sun into this sign of the zodiac being observed by their astronomers with great care. And with the greatest joy an old custom is

revived, of presenting one another with painted and gilded eggs, some of them being so curiously done as to cost three ducats a piece.—Seven or eight and twenty shillings.

In Newcastle, and other places in the North of England, eggs, of which the shells are either coloured or gilt, are given to children at Easter. The shells are coloured with dying drugs, put into the water in which the eggs are boiled. The children at Easter, ask for their *paste-eggs*, as they would for a fairing. 'Paste,' or 'pace,' and 'Pasche,' are words derived from 'Pascha,' Easter.

In Cole's Latin Dictionary, 'Pasche,' or Easter Egg, is rendered by 'Ovum paschale, croceum, seu luteum;' a description which refers to the dying, or staining; but Ainsworth, who was probably unacquainted with what really characterizes the Paschal egg, calls it only 'Ovum paschale.'

From a book, entitled, 'An Extract from the Ritual of Pope Paul the Vth, made for the use of England, Ireland, and Scotland, it appears, that the Paschal egg is held by the Roman church to be an emblem of the resurrection, and that it is made a holy egg by the regular benediction of the priest. The following is the form of benediction:—

'Bless, O Lord, we beseech thee, this thy creature of eggs, that it may become a wholesome sustenance to thy faithful servants, eating it in thankfulness to thee, on account of the resurrection of our Lord Jesus Christ, who, with thee, and the Holy Spirit, &c.'

This custom prevails in the Greek church. Dr. Chandler, in his travels in Asia Minor, gives us the following account of the manner of celebrating Easter among the modern Greeks: the Greeks now celebrated Easter: a small bier, prettily decked with orange and citron buds, jasmine flowers, and boughs, was placed in the church, with a Christ crucified rudely painted on board, for the body; we saw it in the evening, and before day-break were suddenly awakened by the blaze and crackling of a large bonfire, with singing and shouting, in honour of the resurrection.—They made us presents of coloured eggs, and cakes of Easter bread.

Easter day, says the Abbé d'Aute-roche, in his Journey to Siberia, is set apart, in Russia, for visiting.—A Russian came into my room, offered me his hand, and gave me at the same time an egg. Another succeeded, he embraced me, and also gave me an egg. I gave him in return the egg I had just received. The men go to each other's houses in the morning, and introduce themselves into

the houses, by saying, "Jesus Christ is risen." The answer is, "Yes, he is risen." The people then embrace, give each other eggs, and drink a great deal of brandy.

This corresponds pretty much with the subsequent account, of far older date, which is transcribed from Hakluyt's voyages, 1589, black letter.

"They (the Russians) have an order at Easter, which they always observe, and that is this:—Every year, against Easter, to dye, or, colour red with brazel (Brazil wood), a great number of eggs, of which every man and woman giveth one unto the priest of the parish, upon Easter day, in the morning. And, moreover, the common people use to carry in their hands one of these red eggs, not only upon Easter day, but also three or four days after, and gentlemen and gentlewomen have eggs gilded, which they carry in like manner.—They use it as they say, for a great love, and in token of the resurrection, whereof they rejoice. For, when two friends meet during the Easter holy-days, they come and take one another by the hand; the one of them saith, 'the Lord, or Christ, is risen.' The other answereth, 'It is so of a truth.' Then they kiss, and exchange their eggs, both men and women continuing in kissing four days together."

Our ancient voyage-writer means no more, it should seem, than that the ceremony was kept for four days.

Ray has preserved an old English proverb on this subject:—

"I'll warrant you for an egg at Easter."

AN Irish travelling merchant, alias, a pedlar, asked an itinerant poulterer, the price of a pair of fowls, "Six shillings, Sir." "In my dear country, my darlings, you might buy them for sixpence's pace." "Why don't you remain in your own dear country then?" "Case we have no sixpences, my jewel," said Pat.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Rubber will see that his article has been anticipated.

China and Crockery are too stale.

The following articles are intended for insertion:—*F.W.—c*, Peter Tomkins, Solo, E. B., S. H., Viteyan, Francis G. Liolett, Lector Speculi.

Lines to Young Ladies must be good indeed to tempt us to accept them.

All inquiries respecting *Mr. Linsbird's* Novels and Classics must be addressed to himself.

The beautiful apostrophe on *The Crucifixion* in our last is by Montgomery, whose name was unintentionally omitted.

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